Emil. That were a ſhame Sir,
While I have horſes: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you ſerve faithfully, I dare aſſure you
You'l finde a loving Miſtris.
Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Diſgrace, and blowes.
Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It ſhall be ſo; you ſhall receave all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; Twer wrong elſe,
Siſter, beſhrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Maſter,
But you are wiſe. *Floriſh.*
Emil. I hope too wiſe for that Sir. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scæna 6. *Enter Iaylors Daughter alone.*

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have ſent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a plane
Faſt by a Brooke, and there he ſhall keepe cloſe,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a ſtout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durſt better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reaſon,
Or wit, or ſafetie; I have made him know it
I care not, I am deſperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; ſome wenches,
Some honeſt harted Maides, will ſing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almoſt a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpoſe is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be ſo unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not ſo eaſily
Truſt men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not ſo much as kiſt me,

And